

# Pete Rock, It's The Postaboy

(feat. Postaboy)

[Postaboy]

Uh, yeah, yeah  
Harlem, Postaboy, let's go  
Harlem, PB, Pete Rock, woo woo  
Uhh, let's go

I'ma show you how we get down like, with this pound like  
Since I'm in a Caddy P this what it sound like  
Uhh, yeah this what you clowns like  
And since you're on my dick nigga this what uptown like  
Geah, I'm on top of my A game  
Blew two hundred thou', got it back on the haste gang  
Posta back in the building  
The 106 hall of famer t-shirt is back in the ceiling  
I'm a new artist but it's like I'm platinum plus  
E'ry day, spend superstar rapper bucks  
Go to the dealer, cop trucks after trucks  
High as a kite, rollin dutch after dutch  
Honey leavin the scene with me  
Now she wanna get a room, but at 119 with me  
Lowrider jeans, fanny pokin out the pants  
Do the snake, the wop and the uh-oh dance, ohh!

[Chorus]

Make way it's the Postaboy  
Yeah the Postaboy, with the Wonder Boy  
We got the ladies in the club makin all that noise  
Winning Team outside, you don't see our toys (woo woo)  
Make way it's the Postaboy  
Yeah the Postaboy, with the Wonder Boy  
They got the ladies in the crowd makin all that noise  
Beep beep, I'm a boss, I don't drive my toys

[Postaboy]

You can find me uptown, uptown, low in cement B's  
Rollin up in the club like the {?}  
I don't know why you hate me, I'm tryin to date me  
a hot mami like Tammy at AE  
Jump, I say that I'm focused  
And just how thirsty all these hoes is  
Wide door knockers with the rings in they noses  
I J, then they knockin at my door like Jehovahs  
I start checkin my peep mo'  
I come from Harlem, the home of the hustler negroes  
Like, R.P., Alpo  
Jim Ice, Nicky Barnes, and my nigga Bumpy John  
All I need is a pair of my Pro\*Keds  
Half moon part and a two-wheel moped  
Quarter water, Jimmy Chu's for my honey  
It's the Postaboy, Winning Team, good money

[Chorus]

[Postaboy]

I said throw yo' lighters in the motherfuckin urr  
The roof on fire and not a muh'fucker curr  
There's so many bunnies and I'm seein over her  
Every time I turn around, couple durr, couple durr  
Hey! I'm mean mixin my two-step  
Now little birdie wanna call me Hugh Hef'  
Pimp so hard 'til there ain't no juice left  
I been around the world, I done toured the U.S.

Here we go, c'mon  
Now here we go, c'mon  
Now here we go, c'mon  
Now here we go, c'mon  
Yeah!

[Chorus] - 2X